

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—THINGS THAT INTEREST MAID AND MATRON

ELLEN ADAIR SEEKS
UNCLE'S HOME, BUT
FINDS HIM GONE

A Taxi Ride Through Philadelphia's Streets Brings New Surprises at Every Turn of Road.

Once on a time I had the smallest kitten, and its eyes were closed, for it was only four days old. A little village boy pulled its eyes roughly open and the kitten died.

I know now how that kitten felt before it died. It must have thought the world a cruel place, and glad it was to leave it. My rule awakening hurt me, too. For when the lovely lady swept away—it was the kindest thing that she could do, poor soul—she swept my childhood along with her. My eyes were opened to a treacherous world, and deep down in my heart two feelings reigned supreme.

First was a trembling thankfulness that she had gone. Then came a great deep pity for her pain, that swallowed all resentment and all fear. I knew her sorrows were unfathomable. Poor, lonely soul in that strange underworld, drifting among vague shadows forms whose hearts have long since died—there is no resurrection to a higher life! But in the sunlit spaces, children's voice call out in God's world are happy blessed homes. "Too late, too late!" I still can hear her cry.

At length I rose from meditating there, and sought the railway station once again. I had escaped the greatest danger, and nothing could harm me now. I hailed a taxi to convey me to my uncle's house, my shabby trunk was piled on it, and off we started.

NEW SCENES ALONG THE WAY.

I noticed that the driver was a negro, and he wore no chauffeur's uniform. I missed the smart appearance of the London taxis, and the vase of flowers within. This strange dark chauffeur drove so fast, and oh! I noticed in alarm that we were careering on the wrong side of the street! For, as we drove toward the west, on that wide thoroughfare called Market street, we took the right-hand side, and not the left!

"We certainly will have an accident quite soon," said I, and sought the speaking tube to find it, and we still swung on at lightning speed, still on the right-hand side. This was too much, I could not stand it any longer, and hung far out of the window.

"Please stop!" I cried to the chauffeur. "You will have an accident if you don't keep to the proper side of the road. Please cross over to the left at once!"

The dinky driver duly stopped, and shook his puzzled head. "I drive all right," said he in a soft, musical voice—voice that seemed to lead the listener into the melancholy of old slave days. "We must keep to the right side. It is the rule here."

I sank back in my seat amazed. Here then the traffic laws must be the opposite of ours in England! Yet I could not shake off the vague surmise that we would shortly collide with something. The policeman looked quite different from ours; they wore no helmets, but a peaked cap of the type our postmen wear in England, and many of them rode on horseback.

I thought the postmen did look strange—mail carriers, I think, the name is here. They wore straw hats with wide up-curving brims, dove-colored, and with suits of bluish gray.

We passed great shops in Market street—I think they're called "department stores"—and great street cars clanged everywhere. They had no upper deck, these cars, but all must crowd inside. No one at home sits inside a car in summer-time, unless it rains. They always climb upon the roof, to get the breeze and a view. I thought it must be dreadful, that warm July evening, inside those big trolley cars! Although they were so huge and long, I noticed they could turn around a sharper corner than cars of half their size in England ever could!

We turned sharply north from Market street and swung along in quieter streets. The taxi bumped and bounced upon its way, for the road seemed strangely rough and uneven. We rattled right across a railroad crossing, too, I saw the tail end of a great coal train just passed. It seemed so odd to see those railway lines crossing a traffic-laden street. I hope I set to Uncle's safe thought!

It was now just after five o'clock, and darkness seemed to fall so suddenly, it seemed to me that in a few short minutes after daylight it was dark! At home we have a long, long twilight, and on July evenings daylight lingers on till six o'clock.

I saw the oddest things on that long taxi ride that seemed so strange at first to me, an English girl, but now I was grown accustomed to them all. We passed street after street of red-brick houses, with five or six steps leading down to the sidewalk. Street rows of white clad girls sat out on these steps with well-dressed youths, whose families sat there and faced publicity. They even went further, for I saw many little commentaries right out upon the pavement's edge. The father would sit upon a camp stool, there, reading the evening paper and peacefully smoking, not the pipe of peace, but one big black pipe, while the mother sat and chatted with her friends who might pass by upon the street.

I thought the crowds of little children playing in the streets were just the dearest, merriest little things I liked the curious style in which their hair was cropped, all round the back right close up to their little ears.

A DREAMY DILEMMA.

At length the taxi drew up at my uncle's house, after we had driven just a trifle over four miles. "Two dollars, please," said the driver, as he carried my trunk up to the door. "Two dollars? Why, that taxi ride at home would have cost but 70 cents! I paid him while he rang the doorbell."

It was a two-story, red brick house in a long line of others, with five steps leading down to the pavement.

The driver rang and rang, and rang again. No answer came! He could "all no longer so mounted his car and drove off. A little boy who had been intensely watching me now spoke in the great dread that now enveloped me. I yet could not tell the odd twang in his speech. "If you are waiting the gentleman in that house, he sent off to Europe just a week ago," said he. "I heard that house is to be shut up for the next three months!"

Three months! And here was I, Ellen Adair, with but \$5 in the world, and no one single friend in the length or breadth of America, left solitary upon the doorstep.

AN AGRICULTURAL MYSTERY.

"My boy Josh has been talking to me about scientific farming," said Mr. Corns.

"He seems to have interested you."

"Yes. What I'd like to find out now is how a man that knows as little about farming as I do ever managed to make the place pay."—Washington Star.



MISS EDITH GILLETTE.
Daughter of Major Gillette, of the navy yard, is the charming subject of this beautiful photographic study made by the Evans Studio. She is quite a young girl, having made her debut only last year.

WOMEN USE FOOD
MONEY FOR DRESSES,
SAYS GROCERS' ORGAN

Wives Deceive Husbands by Deferring Bills With Tradesmen to Buy Pretty Clothes.

The high cost of living is taught, but a myth. The use of food money to buy dresses with that makes our problem so deep.

A habit of spending high cost of living money for personal adornment is responsible for a great deal of domestic quarreling, in the opinion of E. J. Buckley, editor of the Grocery World, of Ten and Arch streets. Mr. Buckley objects to what he calls the mania of some women to spend for clothing money given them by their husbands for household expenses. He believes in giving the grocer his due.

Philadelphia is singularly free from this type of woman, however, according to Mr. Buckley, and wives who are hiding big bills from their husbands may breathe more easily. Compared to the duties for other large cities Philadelphia husband-deceiving wives are few.

This falling is an unusual phase of financial responsibility, Mr. Buckley said today. "I am in touch with about 700 grocers. Stories growing out of this fault are frequently told me. The wife talked to confess to her husband and will try to get rid of it herself by whatever surreptitious means she can use. Some times she gets away with it, but more often she fails. Only a few days ago the wife of a professional man came to me and made a pathetic plea that she be given time to pay a grocery bill of \$25, for which she had received the money from her husband."

She admitted she had spent it for her personal adornment, although her husband had faith well provided for her in this direction. She said she dreaded her husband learning of her deception, as it would lose his confidence in her.

Editor Buckley said that in his opinion it was not because of any inclination toward dishonesty that the offending wife practiced this deception.

If I am sure that most of these women believe this and are struggling hard to make both ends meet," was his assertion.

"The trouble is that they have never been taught systematic. Fairly large sums of money are handed them by their husbands and without realizing that the grocer's bill is a moral as well as a financial obligation, the temptation to dress beyond their means is added to."

"And the temptation invariably is the mother."

Success having customers of this kind to deal with are advised by Editor Buckley to send their bills directly to the husband.

"The housewife may not like this," he said, "but her resentment is the lesser of the two evils."

SOLDIER GETS OLD RING BACK

Taken He Lost Years Ago Found on Constellation.

Joseph Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, vouches for this story, which is given herewith as it was prepared by one of Mr. Daniels' aides.

When it was announced recently that the historic sailing ship Constellation was to be re-orchestrated, preparatory to taking part in the celebration at Baltimore of the centennial anniversary of "The Star Spangled Banner," the Secretary of the Navy received a letter from Mrs. Rosa Kennedy Winston, of Winston, N. C., which stated that her father, Doctor Kennedy, had served on the Constellation during and after the Civil War and in the course of his service had lost a ring given to him by his mother. He had always said that the ring would never be found until the ship was overhauled at the navy yard. She requested that a watch be kept in case the ring should be discovered.

The commandant of the Norfolk Navy Yard was notified accordingly and has just forwarded to the Navy Department the ring, which has been recovered after these many years. It was found under the iron covering plates of the anchor bits on the main deck forward and has been sent to Mrs. Winston.

CHEKIANG SCHOOLS GROW

A report on education in Chekiang shows an extraordinary growth in the number of schools and students since the revolution of 1911. At that time and of the "Ching" dynasty there were 1849 schools in this province, with 25,114 students, which required an annual expenditure of \$52,208. In December last there was a total of 5611 schools enrolling 275,754 students, nearly four times more than before the revolution. The increase of expenditure, however, has been only \$690,000. This rapid progress is credited largely to the encouragement and efforts of the former tutor of Chekiang, Chu-jui.

NATIONAL DISHES AS GOOD
UNDER ANGLICIZED NAMES

Chicago Restaurants Avoid Offense by Making Menus "Neutral."

CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—The leading hotels and restaurants of this city, in order to observe strict neutrality, have eliminated from menus French, German and Russian names of popular dishes. The Hotel La Salle started the movement and others followed. The Germans have been boycotted French and Russian dishes, while "bouillabaisse" and "Wiener schnitzel" have been replaced with English, French and Russian words.

Under the new rules of civilized eating as applied to peaceable Chicago restaurants where "banquet tables" led off for luncheon, caviar or trout is the new appetizer. "Wiener schnitzel, Hotelet," has been given its passport and veal cutlets with fried egg and vegetables pushed into its place. "Fillet mignon" is no more; it is plain tenderloin steak. Chicken broth "en gelée" is just plain chicken broth in jelly. "De veau aux petits pois" is nothing more nor less than sweetbread with new peas. Chicken "sous cloche" is the same bird "under glass."

The Blackstone will retain foreign names because the chef says there are certain dishes which cannot be translated but can be devoured.

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ENGLISH WOMEN RALLY
TO FLAG AS GUNS ROAR

Labor Unselfishly to Alleviate Suffering on Field and at Home.

In this great war the calm resourcefulness of the English woman in every part of the United Kingdom is truly splendid. An utter absence of all selfish considerations on her part is a leading feature everywhere. From little Princess Mary down to the humblest scullery maid, the English woman is working hard to alleviate the hardships of the soldiers and the country.

The Navy League announces that thousands upon thousands of British women of every rank and age, from duchesses to washerwomen, have placed their services at the disposal of the navy as nurses, cooks, and in various capacities in a nursing capacity will go to work in any other way they may be wanted.

Thousands more have offered their services to the armed forces of the land, of which Princess Mary is a member.

When the Women's Emergency Corps, which was originally instituted and organized by the two famous English actresses, Miss Edith Moore and Miss Lena Ashwell, called for volunteers, the women of England responded enthusiastically to the call, and outside the Admiralty was a tremendous queue, all waiting till the doors should open and their task be given them.

That sweetly beautiful English girl, Millicent Bouverie, is serving at the head of the French Red Cross work in Brussels, and arrayed in a simple white gown and a close-fitting white cap, is superintending the arrangements, assisted by English nurses and English doctors. Her Grace has never looked more gracious or more lovely than in this noble role of ministering to the sick and dying.

Lady Sarah Wilson, who understands the horrors and hardships of war most thoroughly, is superintending the arrangements during the Boer War. It is a prominent worker for the soldiers. It will be remembered that she was shot in the neck during the Boer War, and was captured by the Boers, finally being exchanged some time after for General Viljoen.

A spirit of utter self-sacrificing is actuating the women of England during this terrible war, and all honor and praise is due to them for their untiring efforts in the cause of alleviating the sufferings of the sick and wounded.

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MERELY A GYPSE

There once was a sprightly young gnome who strayed one fine day far from home. But he met a large goat. And a goat, goat and goat. And no longer he cares now to roam!—New York Evening Post.

Opening

MISS B. CHERTAK
Millinery Importer 1229 Walnut Street
Announces a showing of French Patterned Hats, also a large selection of carefully designed models from her own workrooms. Your inspection is cordially invited.
September 24th, 25th and 26th

TAILORED BLOUSE
AGAIN RETURNS AS
PET OF FASHION

Latest Favorites Made of Sheerest Materials—Collars of Various Designs Suit Individual Tastes.

The tailored blouse is coming in fast and furiously, but with a difference, otherwise we might turn out storeroom and closet and wear the blouse of several years ago.

In the place of heavy linen and thick madras, or stiff taffeta, we have the sheerest of linens and batistes and silks, such as crepe meteor, Georgette crepe, soft taffetas and satins and the still popular crepe de chine.

It is hard to tell just how far the popularity of the "up to the neck and down to the wrist" blouse will go. The open throat, even if it is only the smallest V, means comfort, and many women will refuse to part with it.

There was a time when a simple fashion could take the field and drive out all rivals. But now almost any woman can gratify her individual taste and follow where her inclination leads.

The set-in sleeve, for instance, is here and is used in the majority of long-sleeved blouses, but it has not altogether displaced the raglan sleeve, and the kimono sleeve still has its uses.

There is infinite variety among the collars of blouses, from the absolutely conventional turned-down collar, such as men wear with soft shirts, to the upstanding flaring collar, which leaves the throat bare in front.

Yokes are used extensively, though they are not all fashioned alike. The yoke that is so shallow in front that it barely shows is largely used, while the yoke that reaches the natural yoke length in front has a smartness all its own.

The buttons are commonly used for a feature of the blouse and are covered quite often with the material of the blouse or they may be black velvet or of almost any ornamental material.

The blouse illustrated is of soft taffeta with hemstitched lapels, fronts, cuffs and arm-hole plaits.

The collar is perhaps the distinguishing feature, faced as it is with black satin and held in place by a narrow strip of black velvet ribbon.

The floating points come up very high and turn out and over. This is either very becoming or it is a disaster to attempt to wear it if you do not know the use of a needle and thread.

The use of black on white and blouses of delicate color is a style note of the season that has distinct reason d'être. It is not only artistic, but it is inevitably becoming to any type of face.

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EASIEST THING IN WORLD
TO ACHIEVE TANGO FOOT

New Cases of Ultra-modern Pedal Disorder Continually Reported.

Various persons have been learning of late that there are diversional as well as vocational maladies and that while with due discretion it is quite possible to avoid "housemaid's knee," "head cold," "water on the knee," it may be the easiest thing in the world if one attempts to keep pace with modern social requirements, to achieve the "tango foot."

New cases of this ultra-modern pedal disorder are continually being reported and as these things become fashionable, just as a few years ago every common "head cold" was subtitled by the victim into a case of the "grip," it is altogether probable that thousands of corns, bunions, stone bruises, aches, sprains, swollen glands and enlarged and rheumatic toe joints will be reported proudly as "tango foot."

To such harmless and self-gratifying euphemisms in "tango foot" by human vanity and the craving for thoroughly "up-to-date" processes, Nevertheless, in spite of all the inevitable exaggerations, there is a genuine and very definite pedal condition known as the "tango foot" and it is well that everybody should be apprised of its exact nature.

It is, of course, produced by the conditions of modern dancing, not only the tango, but the maxixe and the hesitation waltz and possibly in a moderate degree the one-step. But such a thing, naturally, cannot be regarded with complete respect unless it is equipped with an imposing descriptive name. Fortunately the Scientific American enlightens the world as to the exact nature of "tango foot." The avid dancer is hereby informed that his or her torpidolous activities are quite likely to result in a constant strain on the tibialis anticus, the extensor proprius hallucis and the extensor longus digitorum, which produces tenosynovitis in this muscle group, with particularly disastrous effects upon the tibialis anticus.

This seems portentous enough to frighten even the most stubborn of the tango-maniacs, and yet its effect as a deterrent may be doubted. In spite of this serious array of excellent words the popular fancy some time ago came will probably be "On with the dance!"

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TAILORED BLOUSE WITH NOVELTY COLLARS

ENTERTAIN WOMEN'S CLUBS

Bucks County Federation Guests of Langhorne Sorosis.

LANGHORNE, Sept. 24.—The Bucks County Federation of Women's Clubs was entertained today by the Langhorne Sorosis at their clubhouse, Mrs. Warren E. Tryon, president of Sorosis, introducing the president of the County Federation, Mrs. Harry James, of Doylestown, who presided during the session. The Quakertown Woman's Club, Travelers' Club, of Bristol; New Century Club, of Newtown; Buckingham Chautauqua Village Improvement Association, of Doylestown; and Langhorne Sorosis comprise the Federation clubs.

The discussions of the day were led by Mrs. Strawn, of Quakertown, who spoke on "Good Roads." Mrs. Meno, of Buckingham, talked on "Consolidation of Rural Schools," and Miss Anna H. Paxson, "Introduction of Industrial Training into the High Schools." Music was furnished by the Newtown New Century Club and Langhorne Sorosis.

ICHTHYOL PRICE BOUNDS

Asphaltic Material From Austria Scarce Because of War.

The importation of ichthyol, a peculiar asphaltic material found in Austria, which finds application after appropriate chemical treatment as a very important medicinal agent, has been along with many other products, cut off by the war.

The raw material comes from a fossiliferous deposit near Seefeld, in the Austrian Tyrol. It is carefully selected and subjected to dry distillation. This distillate thus obtained is then sulphated and subsequently neutralized with ammonia. The use of this material has greatly increased in the last few years, and it has proved very beneficial.

Almost immediately following the beginning of the war its price doubled, going to more than 60 cents an ounce. Already, however, a firm in St. Louis has a material on the market which has been favorably recommended as an efficient substitute closely resembling ichthyol itself.

LEPER'S WIFE PROVES
HER DEVOTION BY
LIVING WITH HIM

Mrs. Norman Obtains Permission of the Wilkes-Barre Authorities and Will Rejoin Stricken Husband.

WILKES BARRE, Pa., Sept. 24.—Mrs. Joseph Norman has persuaded the city health authorities to permit her to go home and live with her husband, who is stricken with leprosy. She said she would rather risk becoming a victim of the dread disease than leave him alone to his fate.

Norman came to this country from Syria several years ago and recently left Wilkes Barre for Philadelphia in search of work. There he became ill. Not knowing the nature of his disease, he appealed the physicians of a hospital when he walked into the out-patients' room and asked for a remedy for a skin rash. He was sent back here by the Philadelphia authorities and confined to his own home, his wife being forbidden to enter.

The wife obeyed the order at first, but her love for the stricken man was too strong and she pleaded to be permitted to return to his side. At first the health officials were obdurate, fearing she would leave the house and spread the infection but Mrs. Norman finally carried her point.

She pointed out that there was no one to give him the little attentions he needed. She would do all in her power to alleviate his sufferings, she said, and keep his path to the grave from being wholly gloomy.

AN IMMOVABLE REASON

"Yep, I've made up my mind to get rid of that auto I bought from Pete Haskins. Guess I'll let it go for \$20 just as it stands."

"What you want to do that for?"

"Cause it won't move."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

J. Franklin Miller
1626 Chestnut St.
Everything For House Cleaning.
Buckets, Brushes, Floor Mops, Brooms, Chamois Skins, Dust Cloths, Etc., AT THE Housefurnishing Store.



His wife snubbed by her neighbors
His daughter turned aside from at church
He himself blackballed at the club

A man in a small city tracked down the cause. He was square, clean and likable; well-known, with a charming wife and daughter, plenty of money, and yet—why wouldn't folks have anything to do with him and his?

The man tells the story himself—see page 13

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